

Black Squad

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Summary: 5 spartans, a battalion of marines and even more covenant for them to contend with. Can they survive the mass covenant onslaught.

Black Squad

Caleb sat preparing for the possible and inevitable battle that awaited him. Fighting to Caleb was 10 percent physical, and 90 percent mental. Therefore, his pre-battle ritual included meditation, or maybe the better term would be visualization. He visualized himself destroying and killing the enemy with no mercy. Tactics flooded his mind as he put himself into different scenarios and situations all varying in difficulty. In battle he was never surprised or caught off guard because he made himself into a methodical tactician and always thought it through with inhuman speed.

He and his team of Spartans were sent from Reach on a recover and rescue mission. They were to locate and extract survivors and augment present marine forces on the Athens 6, in the Rising Olympus system. Master Chief would have gone but the Intel showed that the covenants were already moving towards Reach. The chief wanted to be there to defend, so he sent Caleb.

Spartan 523, Caleb opened his eyes and saw that his Spartan team, all there with him, were preparing in their different ways as well. They had been awakened an hour ago from cryo sleep, and all were happy to be on their feet again. He watched his team with admiration that shined in his eyes.

Destiny. Spartan 427. The sniper of the group and best scout sat taking apart and putting back together her S2 am sniper rifle that she used to accomplish her blood work. She was an expert in camouflage and stealth. If she didn't want to be seen no one could see her. And if she didn't want you to touch her you probably couldn't do that either because she is easily the fastest on the

team. Never was she as good a shot as Linda but she was no slouch, and that goes for any weapon. She was the markswoman of the squad and very seldom missed the enemy.

Ricki. Spartan 265. Expert in close quarters combat and is an absolute artist with the shotgun. Any object handed to him can be considered a lethal weapon in his hands. unrelenting as a pit bull and will not hesitate to sacrifice his well-being for the team and humanity. He was on the far side of the room doing pull ups to loosen his muscles.

Aasia. Spartan 020. Serving as weapons and demolitions expert for the squad. To go along with her explosive roll on the team she also has the explosive attitude that you love to see on your team but hate when its aimed at you. Rocket launchers may be her favorite weapon to use but any gun is devastating to the opponent when she picks it up. She was punching a punching bag that looked as if it would fall after each crushing blow connected.

Jason. Spartan 194. Second in command, has extensive training in field medics and also zero gee h2h combat. Probably saved the life of every Spartan present if not twice then once in the field. His personality is quiet and reserved, but he forgets all that when battle starts. As he sat he played with a combat knife, throwing it into the air twirling it causing it to spin in a blur of movement.

Caleb. Spartan 523. Squad leader of the team, loyalty has no end in his mind and every last team member knows that even when it gets thick they can turn and see Spartan 523 through pounding with them. Could be the strongest Spartan on the team but not just physically but more so mentally. He has trained his mind as well as his body to become the brains of the operation in many situation, which is another reason The chief sent him and not anyone else.

" We are preparing to exit slip space in 5 minutes." Were the words that were heard over the ship's intercom system.

" Good. I'm ready to get off this ship and meet some covies face to face." Ricki commented as he dropped to the floor from the bar where he was doing his pull ups. "Aint that right Aasia.

Aasia unleashed a flurry of punches on the punching until the chain that was holding it at the top snapped and dropped to the floor with a satisfying clang.

"That's what I live for." She answered.

That answer could never have been more truthful. Each member of the Spartan program, even though some trained extensively in other areas, they were all highly trained and bred to kill and destroy.

"We are exiting slip space." The voice said over the intercom.

The Spartans all felt the feeling of joy. The thought that they could be engaged in battle made them all feel at home and comfortable. Not just the battle, but the ground under their feet where they have control as opposed to the pilot they haven't even met before.

The joy that they feel is all of sudden interrupted by the violent

jolt of the ship. Followed by another shake that almost knocks the Spartans over.

After almost 10 minutes the captain appears on Caleb's HUD. "Spartan, we were under attack from a single covenant vessel. The threat has been neutralized. However, we want to get the operation on the roll before any more covenant vessels approach. Be prepared to move out in 10 minutes."

" Yes sir" Caleb answered and then turned to his crew. "We are moving out in 10 minutes. You know the drill. Move, Move, Move!"

They all jumped into action with no hesitation. Each member finished putting their Armour on and stocking up on supplies that they knew they would and some they might need. Then they all moved toward the weapons locker.

"Are we going in heavy or light?" Jason asked.

"Optional. Except for Destiny. I need u quick and deadly and loaded with plenty of ammo. We will need your cover from above." Caleb replied as if he knew Jason was going to ask him that question.

Caleb went in and retrieved the MA5B assault rifle, M90 shotgun, M6D pistol, and a combat knife. Also, he grabbed 3 fragmentation grenades and 3 napalm grenades and loaded up with 12 clips for the pistol, 15 extra shotgun shells, and 10 extra clips for the MA5B.

Jason went with the MA5B, M6D pistol, and extra ammo for both. He also retrieved a combat knife and 5 frags.

Aasia went the trusty M19 SSM rocket launcher and collected 8 extra rockets. And also a M6D pistol with extra clips, 5 frags, and a MA2B assault rifle, a sawed down version of the MA5B.

Ricki decided to take the M90 shotgun with 30 additional shells, a M6D pistol with extra clips, 6 frags, and to help Dest with the back up he went with the S2 AM sniper rifle with additional rounds.

Destiny came in and took apart and manually modified her sniper rifle and went with .50 caliber rounds with a optical zoom scope. She also took more than enough extra rounds and a M6D pistol with extra clips. Also, she brought 6 grenades.

Now the Spartans were ready to roll. They all reported to the bridge at the same time, so that the Captain could come in and give their objectives.

"We are sending you in first. Your first objective will be to neutralize any threats to make it as safe as possible for the other odst's to land and give you back up. Then you will set a LZ for the pelicans to come in and you will provide protection and secure a staging area. Do you understand?" The captain said as if he had memorized from a piece of paper.

"yes, sir." They all said in unison.

"One more thing. You will be heading in like the Helljumper's do it."

He added

That could only mean one way. They were going down in a HEV. Human Entry Vehicles or HEV, are what the ODS'T's enter the atmosphere. It gets hot and only the toughest of the tough go in.

"Yea," Ricki said. "This might be the best op that any Spartan could ask for. We get to do it like the Helljumper's.

A hostile ODS'T was walking by and asked if the Spartans were ready to jump into hell.

Caleb took a step toward the soldier and said, "We don't jump into hell, we bring the hell with us."

End
file.